



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

1L50
32D6





F. E. POND, MANAGER.

DON QUIXOTE.

A Comic Opera, in Three Acts, founded on Cervantes' Novel.

WRITTEN BY
HARRY B. SMITH.

COMPOSED BY
REGINALD DEKOVEN.

Copyright, 1889.





DON QUIXOTE,

A

COMIC OPERA,

IN

THREE ACTS,

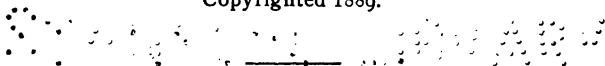
FOUNDED UPON

CERVANTES' NOVEL.

MUSIC BY
REGINALD DEKOVEN.

LIBRETTO BY
HARRY B. SMITH.

Copyrighted 1889.



CHICAGO:
SLASON THOMPSON & Co., PRINTERS.
180-182 Monroe Street.
1889.

60

ME24

17450
D32D6

651372

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA...The Knight of the Rueful Countenance.
SANCHE PANZAHis Esquire.
DON FERNANDO.....A Young Nobleman.
CARDENIO.....His Friend.
PEDROThe Village Barber.
CAMARCHO.....A Rich Miller.
AN ALCALDE.....
A LICENTIATE.....
GINES DE PASSAMONTEA Brigand.
LUCINDA.....Cardenio's Betrothed.
DOROTHEA.....Daughter of one of Fernando's Tenants.
TERESA PANZA.....Wife of Sancho Panza.
MAURITORNESWaitress at the Village Inn.
RODERIGO }Two Pages.
MIGUEL }

Members of the Holy Brotherhood, Muleteers, Villagers, Country
Musicians, Bridesmaids, Cavaliers, Pages, etc.

43 17450 D32D6

DON QUIXOTE.

ACT. I.

SCENE. *A village in Spain. At the left of the stage is an inn kept by Teresa Panza. At the right is the village chapel. As the curtain rises, Pedro enters for the purpose of serenading Mauritornes.*

Pedro. Haste, haste, darling, to me!

(Gines de Passamonte is heard off R. interrupting the serenade.)

Gines. O'er mountain steeps we roam,

Muleteers (in the distance). The crags and hills our home. Holloa! holloa!

(Mauritornes appears in the window.)

Mauritornes. A serenade for me! *(Exchanges greetings with Pedro.)*

Pedro. Come, love, haste o'er the lea.

Maur. Stop! Those intruders hear!

Pedro. What's that to us, my dear?

Maur. See, they draw near.

(Gines de Passamonte, a bandit, disguised as a muleteer, appears on the slope at back, and beckons to muleteers off R.)

Muleteers (off R). Yes, over mountains we roam. Holloa! holloa!

And when an inn we see,

Welcome the sight must be.

We come!

(The muleteers appear on the slope. Maur. and Pedro are angry at the interruption. Maur. disappears from the window. Pedro joins the muleteers, who form groups about the tables on the tavern's porch.)

Muleteers. A rest after our work

Is to us exquisite pleasure.

Our work we never shirk,

But we much prefer our leisure.

(Girls enter from the inn and serve wine.)

A draught of rosy wine

To us is finest nectar;

By its magic, so divine,
 We chase care's grimmest spectre.
 Then bring wine, a ruby store;
 To these cups we cry encore. (*Camacho enters.*)

Maur. (entering). Out on ye! you'll get no more,
 My gallants, 'till you pay your score!

Muleteers. } Encore! Encore!

Girls. } No more! No more!

Gines. Our score! Well, if you ask for gold,
 Here is a store of it. Behold! (*Exhibits money.*)

Maur. Very well, sirs; while you pay,
 You may stay and drink all day.

SOLO. *Gines.*

Jig jog, so slowly we clamber the mountain steep,
 Slowly up mounting, the steps we are counting.
All. Jig jog, 'tis toilsome the rude, narrow path to keep
 Up to the peaks from the valleys so deep
Gines. With bells a' jingling; faces tingling
 In the fresh breezes of mountain air.
All. With bells a' jingling, etc.
 Jig jog, so slowly, etc.
 But we crack our whips when adown the mountain dashing,
 And we drink, drink, drink to red lips and dark eyes flashing.
 Let us crack our whips, ev'ry rival soundly lashing.
 Such jolly muleteers as we you rarely see.

(*The Licentiate appears at the door of the chapel.*)

Maur. Aha! here is his reverence!

All. Good evening to your reverence!

Licentiate. My children this is no time for revelry. It is vesper time, and
 the hour invites to prayer. Come, the sanctuary is open to all.

(*All enter the chapel. Dorothea enters C. The Licentiate is about to enter the
 chapel when Dorothea speaks.*)

Dorothea. One moment, your reverence; I have something to say to you.

Lic. What is it, my child?

Dor. I seek your counsel, father. Am I not married to one with whom
 I have exchanged solemn vows in a church, even if the services of
 the church were not performed?

Lic. Yes, daughter; such vows are lawfully binding when taken in a
 sacred place.

Dor. See! do not those letters prove my marriage?

Lic. Yes, daughter; agitate yourself no further. This man is lawfully
 bound to you.

Dor. My father, I thank you with all my heart. (*The Licentiate makes a gesture blessing her, and enters the chapel. Dorothea joyfully kisses the letters.*)

SOLO. *Dorothea.*

Heart, my heart, why dost thou not in joy beat high?
 Dost not know that thy fond love is nigh?
 Yet hast thou no gladness;
 Naught but pensive sadness?
 Dost thou know love is fraught with woe?
 That its most cherished joy
 Is not without alloy
 Dost thou know?
 Heart, heart, thou art not wrong,
 Love is not joy alone;
 Through its most happy song
 Runs a minor tone. (*She exits.*)

(*Pedro enters, followed by Fernando, who is leaning upon Cardenio.*)

Pedro. Right this way, Señors. You will find the inn the best in the province. It is kept by highly respectable people, Sancho Panza and his wife, Teresa. (*He places his barber's implements on a table and begins sharpening his razor.*) Shave or hair cut?

Cardenis. Neither, my good fellow. Are you badly injured, comrade?

Fernando. Thank you, I am moderately lame from that scoundrel's cudgel.

Pedro. I caught a glimpse of him as he ran away. He is Gines de Pasamonte, one of our most highly respected brigands. But you want some refreshments. Mauritornes! Mauritornes!

Maur. (entering). What! Pedro here?

Pedro. Mauritornes! (*They embrace effusively until Fer. and Car. rap on the table.*) Yes, sir—shave or hair cut?

Car. Neither! Some wine.

Maur. The señor shall have the best the market can afford (*aside*) to do without.

(*She enters the inn.*)

Car. I will wager, Fernando, that you are here on an errand of gallantry.

Fer. Yes, I am here to meet Dorothea, the daughter of one of my tenants. I love her enthusiastically. Every other girl is a sham. Pooh!

Pedro (interrupting). Shampoo, sir?

Fer. No, fellow. But, I forget, you take no interest in love affairs.

Car. You are mistaken. I am to meet here my betrothed, Lucinda. She has just left her convent school. I have not seen her for two years, but we have exchanged many letters. This inn is kept by Teresa Panza, her old nurse. After nightfall Lucinda gives me an interview on yonder balcony. See, this is her portrait.

Fer. She is adorable! (*Aside.*) By Jupiter! she is twice as pretty as Dorothea. I must see her. (*To Car.*) Cardenio, I am to meet Dorothea at the first turn in yonder road; but that infernal bandit has left me bruised and battered. Will you go to her, and bring her to me? Have no scruples. Dorothea thinks she is my wife, and as I love her tolerably madly, I shall very likely marry her in reality.

Car. Fernando, you are incorrigible. However, it lacks an hour before the time I meet Lucinda. If she comes before me, I confide her to you.

Fer. She will be in experienced hands. Now, go; there's an obliging fellow.

Car. I'll bring her to you, never fear. (*Exits.*)

Fer. I must see Lucinda. Let me see; that's her balcony; the time, just after dark. Very well, I will be here if Cardenio is not. (*Exits.*)

(*Music.* The Don and Sancho are seen crossing the stage down the slope at back. Don Quixote is mounted upon his horse, Rosinante; Sancho upon a donkey. Muleteers and girls enter from the church.)

Don Quixote. Soho, Rozinante!

Sancho. Whoa, Dapple!

(*Two hostlers enter from L. U. E. and assist the Don and Sancho to dismount.*)

DUET. *Don Quixote and Sancho Panza.*

Both. We are doughty warriors bold,
High in the books of fame enrolled,
All. And you are esteemed as such.
Both. Thank you, thank you very much. (*Bowing profoundly.*)
All. Yes, they thank us very much.
Both. I was never, never known to fly;
This man is as brave as I. (*Each indicating the other.*)
All. Bravery our hearts must touch;
Both. Thank you, thank you very much.
Don. Watch! We'll show how we have slain him,
When we have met a lonely Paynim.
San. We deal strangers their destruction
Without formal introduction.
Don. Foemen I delight to meet.
San. He would rather fight than eat.
Both. We are warriors of the deepest dye,
Heroes such as we are you rarely spy.
Awful odds we willingly and eagerly defy;
Yes, we are warriors of the deepest dye.
Both. Saracens and wicked infidels,
Flee with the most unseemly yells.
All. By such deeds our hearts you touch.

Both. Thank you, thank you very much.
All. Yes, they thank us very much.
Both. When this doughty knight and squire they see,
 Giant and enchanter flee.
All. Trembling at your lightest touch.
Both. Thank you, thank you very much.
Don. Infants and infirm old ladies,
 All can tell how sharp this blade is.
San. When we meet a timid stranger
 Straightway we his life endanger.
Don. At the foe I long to leap.
San. He would rather fight than sleep.
Both. We are warriors of the deepest dye, etc.
All. They are warriors, etc.

(To the refrain, all exit R. and L. excepting Don Q. and Sancho.)

Don Q. At last, friend Sancho! Here methinks I shall behold my Dulcinea del Toboso; for I perceive we have come to a noble and ancient castle.

San. Excuse me; but did you say *castle*?

Don Q. Ay! certes; 'tis a right royal castle.

San. Methinks your worship is befuddled, for that is an inn, kept by me and my wife, Teresa. When I tell her of this knight errant business, Teresa will not only *talk* Spanish, but she will make me *walk* Spanish.

Don Q. Marry come up! Have I not promised thee an island? What wouldst thou—an archipelago?

(Teresa and Mauritornes appear on the porch of the inn.)

Don Q. (Referring to Teresa.) By the whiskers of the Cid, 'tis she! Peerless beauty, Dulcinea del Toboso, twin sister of the silver moon, set thy foot upon the neck of thy groveling slave! *(Kneels to Teresa. Teresa is astonished and Sancho jealous.)*

Teresa. Why, what addle-pate is this?

San. Excuse me, but that is my spouse, Teresa—no relation to the silver moon. *(Aside.)* Well, as the proverb says: A singed cat wins no hearts.

Teresa. So you have come home, have you? And who is this rusty jackanapes?

San. (Aside to Teresa.) His donship is going to give me an island for serving him as squire. 'Tis a fact, Teresa; he hath more giants, enchanter, islands, and such like, than he knows what to do withal.

Teresa. (Curtesying.) Oh, if the noble Don is going to give us an island—

Maur. Will not the noble Don quaff a stoup of sack?

Don Q. Gadzookers! I care not if I do quaff a few stoups.

San. Ay, truly; for you know the proverb: A bald head is soon shaved.

Don Q. Have done with proverbs, Sancho, and take off my armour.

(Teresa and Maur. help the Don to remove his armor.)

San. I will give you the sack myself, most noble island—I mean Don; for you know the proverb: Where there's no fish there will be no fish-cakes.

(Sancho goes to the inn and returns with bottle and glasses. Teresa and Maur. have taken off the Don's armor, excepting his helmet.)

Maur. That tin hat won't come off unless I cut the strings. *(Seizes a knife from the table.)*

Don Q. (Alarmed.) Forbear, damozel! It was with hugeous endeavor I donned that helmet. If I can't eat and sleep in it, I will stay awake and starve to death.

San. Now, your grandeur, fall to and eat; for you know the proverb: Let him who owns the cow take her by the tail.

Don Q. Od's bodikins! Sancho, thy proverbs give me qualms.

(Don Q. sits at the table, Teresa and Maur. serve him.)

Grammercy! Gadzooks!! and marry come up!!!

San. What is it? A grasshopper in the glass?

Don Q. Crack-brained loon that I am! I have forgotten to be knighted!

Kick me, Sancho, kick me! But after all, what boots it?

San. Why, I can knight you while you wait.

Don Q. Truly thou canst. But hold! Let me see what says the History of Amadis de Gaul. *(Refers to the book which Sancho carries on his first entrance.)* Ah! here it is. *(Reads.)* "A candidate for the honors of errantry must watch four hours by his armor in a church-yard."

Teresa. Nothing easier! There is the church-yard just beyond the chapel. Put your armor there and you can watch by it until you are black in the face.

San. In the morning you will be such a be-knighted creature that you can give islands to every beggar in Spain.

MADRIGAL. *Mauritornes, Teresa, Sancho, and Don Quixote.*

1.

What a gallant knight will our master be,

When he's righted and be-knighted,

Never need we be affrighted.

Let him sally forth then so brave and free,

Love confessing, wrong redressing

We shall see

He will then be verily

Champion of swains.

Let us carol merrily,

Eulogistic strains,

Carol, carol gaily,

Chant his praises daily;
For a gallant knight will our master be.

II.

Let him wander forth 'neath the greenwood tree,
Fight with science, breathe defiance,
To the foe yield no compliance.
Wizards and magicians will bend the knee.
He will banter each enchanter
He may see.
Fighting never wearily
For afflicted dames;
Slaying giants cheerily
With chivalric aims,
Carol, carol gaily, etc.

*(The Don and Sancho exit, carrying the Don's armor. Maur. enters the inn.
Teresa is about to enter the inn when Lucinda appears.)*

Lucinda. Teresa!

Ter. What! Lucinda? What brings you here? *(Embraces her.)*

Luc. I have just come from the convent at Seville, and I have a secret for you. *(Whispers to her.)*

Ter. You don't mean to say you are going to be married?

Luc. Yes, my dear old nurse, Cardenio is to meet me here this evening, and you can imagine how eager I am to see him after our long separation.

Ter. Just the way I feel toward my Sancho. Very well, my dear, if he comes, I will do my best to keep your secret. Oh! your old nurse used to be giddy in her poor, weak way in her coltish days. *(Leads Lucinda into the inn. Gines de Passamonte and the Licentiate enter from chapel. The march of the Holy Brotherhood is heard pianissimo; it grows louder, and the Holy Brotherhood enter, headed by the Alcalde, C. Pedro and Mauritorres, men and girls, enter from the inn.)*

CHORUS OF THE HOLY BROTHERHOOD.

Toiling, moiling, keeping the public peace,
We're the Holy Brotherhood,
A sort of sanctified police.
Tramping, tramping,
Terrors are we to crime,
Representing the king and law,
With power sublime.

Alcalde. Halt! Which of you is called Gines de Passamonte? *(Gines attempts to hide behind the Licentiate. The Alcalde comes down C.)* Ah! he is there; the ruffian! Seize him! *(The Brotherhood overpower Gines and put him in chains.)*

Gines. This is what comes of my going to church! (*Aside:*) If I could only make some of the comrades hear me! (*In spite of his chains he succeeds in placing a whistle to his lips and blows a shrill blast.*)

Alcalde. Scoundrel! Have a care or your fate will not be the galleys, but the gallows.

(*The Don, in armor, and Sancho enter.*)

Don Q. Beshrew me! What meaneth this unseemly pother? Who is this Sir Knight that ye have chained?

Alcalde. The greatest wretch unhanged. He has lately returned from the galleys; yet but an hour ago he robbed and cudgeled a gentleman on the road.

San. (*Aside to Don Q.*) Let this alone, worshipful sir; you know the proverb; a false tooth never aches—and—

Don Q. Silence; Sancho! (*To Gines.*) I'fackins, Sir Knight, thou art scurvily entreated by these mendacious wizards.

Gines. Ay! most scurvily.

Don Q. I do warrant me thou art dragged hence against thy will.

Gines. You say truly, noble sir.

Don Q. (*Aside, pleased.*) Noble sir! He knows me. (*To Gines.*) That shall not be in the presence of the desolating simoon of chivalry, Don Quixote de la Mancha. (*To the Alcalde.*) Thou fell and diabolical conjuror, release this poor victim of your detestable spells.

Alcalde. Fellow, you are mad! Bah!

Don Q. (*Infuriated.*) Bah!! Oh peerless Dulcinea, did thy oyster-shell-like ears hear that "bah?" Assist me to avenge this insult.

Alcalde. You are mad! Would you have this gallows-bird set free to pillage you?

Don Q. (*Rhapsodically.*) Oh, beauteous Dulcinea, if thou wilt aid thy slave now is the time to subscribe. Thou nefarious magician, tremble at the sweep of my puissant arm. I'll score thee o'er the costard!

(*Don Q. rushes at the Alcalde and attacks him fiercely; then turns savagely upon the holy brethren who rush off terrified.*)

San. Victory! Now, your gallantry, I'll take that island.

Don Q. Od's zookers! Sancho, thinkest thou I carry that island about in my doublet?

(*Sancho removes Gines' chains. Gines falls at the feet of Don Q., embraces his knees.*)

Gines. Oh! most magnanimous knight.

Don Q. (*Annoyed.*) Here! Refrain from tickling me under my knightly knees. All that I demand of thee, sir cavalier, is that thou wilt hie to Toboso and cast thyself at Dulcinea's foot—either foot will do. You can't miss Dulcinea, she is the only "strawberry blonde" in Toboso.

Gines. (*With alacrity.*) That will I hasten to do, most valorous Don.

San. (*Aside.*) I will wager two maravedi and a collar-button that he won't

Gines. Fare you well, Don Lunatic. I go to your Dulcinea. Long live Dulcinea! Ha! ha! ha! (*He laughs mockingly and exits. The Don rushes up stage and brandishes his lance after Gines.*)

All. Long live Dulcinea! Ha! ha! ha! (*All exit excepting Don and Sancho.*)

Don Q. Good gossip, Sancho. I have writ an ode to the pentagon of beauty, Dulcinea del Toboso. Do thou read it that I may judge of its effect.

San. That will I, but your grandeur must excuse mistakes. You know the proverb: Never look for three feet on a goose.

(*The Don gives a scroll to Sancho, and listens while the latter reads. The Don produces a flute, and accompanies the reading with sentimental music.*)

DUET. *Don Quixote and Sancho.*

San. (*Reading.*) I maunder on from north to south.

Don Q. (*Correcting.*) I wander on from north to south.

San. Ill fortune's foot has gasped my neck.

Don Q. Ill fortune's foot has *grasped* my neck.

San. Oppression's clock has stopped my mouth.

Don Q. Oppression's *cloak* has stopped my mouth.

San. The wings of love my soft hat wreck.

Don Q. The wings of love my soft *heart* wreck.

Both. Distant, though present in idea,

I mourn my absent Dulcinea.

If my complaint to pity move,

Hear the sad story of my love.

San. With scraping files love rasps my soul.

Don Q. (*Correcting.*) With *scorching* fires love racks my soul.

San. The hand of fat has stalk'd in.

Don Q. The hand of *fate* has stalk'd in.

San. I am pursued by hardship's pole.

Don Q. I am pursued by hardship's *pall*.

San. And rocked by better frills of sin.

Don Q. And *racked* by bitter pills of sin.

Both. If my complaint to pity move,

Hear the sad story of my love.

Distant, though present in idea,

I mourn my absent Dulcinea.

Dulcinea del Tobo—

Dulcinea del Tobo—o—so.

(*The Don plays a symphony on his flute, to the music of which he and Sancho exit. The moon has risen, and the stage is dark, excepting for the moonlight. Lucinda appears on the balcony of the inn.*)

Luc. It is time for Cardenio to be here. What can have detained him?

Ter. (*Appearing on the balcony.*) Patience, my child. Be assured he will come as speedily as may be.

(*Fernando appears in the shadow of the chapel at R.*)

Luc. Is not that some one?

Fer. (*Aside.*) That is she! But who the deuce is the old one? Pretty girls are always so well chaperoned. (*To Luc.*) Lucinda, 'tis I.

Ter. Yes, that is he! (*Aside.*)

Luc. (*Aside, hesitating.*) I do not recognize him.

Fer. 'Tis I—Cardenio.

Luc. Yes, it is he. (*To Teresa.*) Go in, Teresa; I will come to you. Cardenio, at this side of the house the vines are so thick that one may climb up by them. (*Fer. puts on a black half-mask.*)

Fer. My angel! (*Aside.*) What adorable frankness! This is audacious, but it is not often that I am so madly in love. (*He climbs to the balcony.*)

Luc. My old nurse Teresa is in this room. Enter with me; she is my duenna.

Fer. (*In a low voice.*) First extinguish the light.

Luc. Why, my Cardenio?

Fer. Someone might see me from the road, and it would compromise you.

Luc. (*Calling.*) Teresa, will you put out the light? (*The light is extinguished.*)

Ter. (*Appearing at the window.*) Come in, my children. (*Luc. enters the house.*)

Fer. (*Aside.*) I wonder if I could persuade the old girl to go into a trance. (*He enters the house by the window, just as the first notes of the prelude to the following duet are heard. A gaily caprisoned mule is seen descending the slope at back. Dorothea is riding, supported by Cardenio, who walks by her side. The mule's harness is covered with bells which jingle as he comes down the slope. At the gate C. Dorothea dismounts and the mule is led off L.*)

DUET. *Dorothea and Cardenio.*

Both. O'er mountains steep we haste to meet
The loved ones for us waiting.
The bells are tinkling, oh, so sweet
In music light and gay to speed us on our way
To speed us upon our way

Car. Though rough the mountain road to ride;
Yet love can safely guide.

Dor. Though rough the mountain road to ride;
Yet love shall be our guide.

Both. And we hear across the valleys
Merry, merry jingling, jingling bells so clear.

While the distant horns of hunters sounding
Waken all the echos far and near.

(Imitating horns.) Ta ra tan ta ra! *(Echo in the distance.)*

O'er mountains steep we haste to meet, etc.

(Car. leads Dorothea into an arbor.)

QUARTETTE.

Dor.

Where waits my love for me?
Where shines my heart's bright star?
For I have wandered far
His well-loved face to see.
Oh, come, my dearest, the truest, nearest,
And dwell no longer so far from me.
I love thee only, alas 'tis lonely,
So lonely waiting, my own, for thee.

*(Luc. and Fer. appear on the porch of the inn. Fer. still wears his mask.
They do not see Dor. and Car. who are concealed by the arbor.)*

Dor.

Car.

He does not come, the hour is late, I prithee patiently await,
Yet I must patiently await. Although 'tis true the hour is late.

Luc. (To Fer.)

Fer.

You wear a mask. Why is't, I ask. Your friends must not surprise.
Now that Teresa is away, Myself they must not recognize,
What is't to me you have to say? Now I will win the prize. *(Aside.)*

RECITATIVE.

Luc. May not I behold your face?

Fer. Not in this place.

Dor. (To Car.) Why comes he not?

Luc. (To Fer.) What have you to say to me?

Dor. (Aside.) I hope and yet I fear.

All. We soon shall meet—

Then hearts with joy will beat.

WALTZ QUARTETTE.

Car. and Fer. When the heart lightly bounds and the eyes are most
bright,

Luc. and Dor. Then 'tis love that brings the delight.

Car. and Fer. When the song sweetly sounds and the dance is most gay,
Then 'tis love that makes holiday.

All. Love doth seem like a dream that no waking may know,
And the world with sunshine aglow;
Then 'tis love weaves the spell—
All who love know it well.

Yes, it is happiness purest
When there's no doubt in the heart;

- But if love is not the surest,
 Better, far better, to part—
Dor. Alas, assailed by doubts and fears,
 Love is a theme for sighs and tears.
Fer. (To Luc.) Fly with me dearest; for all the world care not.
Luc. Deceive those who trust me? Cardenio, I dare not.
All. Heart, though thy love is thy chiefest treasure,
 It is not only a joy alone,
 For in its lightest and brightest measure
 Ever there murmurs a minor tone.
(Car. exits. Dorothea falls asleep in the arbor.)
Fer. Come, my Lucinda! I have come to take you with me. If the world
 never hears of us again it will not miss us, and surely we will not
 miss the world.
Luc. How strangely does this sound from Cardenio, whose words have
 ever been of nobility and honor. *(Fer. goes close to her and removes his*
mask.) Ah! you are not Cardenio!
Fer. No; but one who loves you infinitely more. Cardenio? Bah! He
 is totally inexperienced in loving. While I? Why, I am in capital
 practice.

DUET. *Lucinda and Fernando.*

- Luc. (Aside.)* Not Cardenio, but a stranger
 Who would my peace of mind endanger.
(To him.) Traitor, come you to deceive me?
 Sir, who'er you are, go—leave me!
 All your vows were falsehoods merely.
Fer. Nay, not so; I spoke sincerely.
 Were I thoughtless and unheeding,
 Let my fondness be my pleading.
 Come with me; in some poet's bower
 In happiness we'll pass each hour.
Luc. Ah! pity me, my convent home
 Was one wherein no love might come.
(Aside.) His dark eyes seem my soul to read.
 I know 'tis very wrong indeed
 That I an instant hesitate.
Fer. Sweet, for your answer I await,
 Your answer, dear one, I can guess.
Luc. (Hesitating.) Well, it might be "No," and yet it might be "Yes."
Both. Ah! it might be "No," and yet it might be "Yes."
Luc. (Aside.) Ah! why do I hesitate?
 A moment and 'twill be too late.
 Shall I all my friends forsaking,
 And a faithful heart quite breaking,

Fly with one I should be hating.
I despise myself for hesitating.

Fer. Your answer, fairest?

Luc. My answer is—"No."

Both. { Her } answer is—"No."
 { My }

Fer. Listen, Lucinda; I adore you!

Luc. Go—I entreat you.

(Fernando looks into the arbor, sees Dorothea asleep, and is startled.)

Fer. (Aside.) Dorothea! *(To Luc.)* For your honor's sake, do not cry out. *(Goes to her.)* Cardenio has good reasons for not coming, I will give you proof of his treachery. Behold! the latest damsel to ensnare his affection. *(He points to the sleeping Dorothea.)*

Luc. Cardenio faithless? I cannot believe it. *(Loud laughter is heard without, with cries of "Long live Don Quixote.")*

Don Q. (Without.) Ye caitiff scoundrels, I will teach ye to scoff at the customs of chivalry, ye despicable rabble. *(Enters, followed by Sancho, muleteers and girls. Pedro, Mauritornes and Teresa enter.)* Adzooks! whom have we here?

Luc. (Recognizing Teresa.) Teresa!

San. Why it is Don Fernando, Duke de Riccardo.

Don Q. A golden opportunity! Chivalry will now rake somebody fore and aft—especially aft.

Fer. Fernando is my name, and I am ready to write it in the blood of all of you.

Don Q. You're too kind! Explain your presence here.

Fer. Explain? That I will; I love this lady, and I now ask her hand in marriage.

Don Q. 'Tis well thou dost so. Thou hast brought contumely upon this lofty princess; an' thou wedst her not, myself shall knock thee o'er the mazzard.

San. Come, Mistress Lucinda, take a look at your husband.

Luc. (Reviving) My husband!

Ter. The man whom you love.

Luc. That man? I do not even know him.

Fer. (Aside to Lucinda.) Remember Cardenio's treachery.

Ter. (Aside to Luc.) Marry Cardenio, my love; you are shamed before us all.

San. Duke, give your hand to your spouse.

(Fernando and Lucinda enter the chapel, followed by the others. Car. enters sees Dorothea is gone.)

Car. So she is not here. Let us hope that she has found her Fernando. Now, I must not keep Lucinda waiting any longer. *(Sees Teresa, who has remained after the exit of the others.)* Ah! Mistress Panza, I believe. I am Cardenio.

Ter. Cardenio!

Car. I recognized you from Lucinda's description. I am her affianced.

Ter. You are really Cardenio?

Car. Most assuredly; and I am eager to see Lucinda.

Ter. (*Hesitating.*) She is not here. She has told me of your love; but, sir, you must leave here at once. (*Organ music in the church.*)

Car. Leave here without seeing Lucinda? Not I! (*Music.*) You seem agitated, my good woman. You have something to tell me. The church! That music! Lucinda is dead!

Ter. Yes, to you.

Car. And that music —?

Ter. Announces her marriage. Alas! she has deceived you.

Car. Married! To whom? Let me see him! (*Draws his sword and rushes to the church door.*)

Ter. Señor Cardenio, I beg of you to be calm. It may be that she loves this stranger.

Car. You are right. Farewell, Lucinda; you are indeed dead to me. I will seek out my friend Fernando, and he shall help me to revenge upon this traitor, whoever he may be. (*Exits. Lucinda enters from the church.*)

Luc. Teresa!

Ter. My child, you have deceived one who devotedly loves you.

Luc. Teresa, you must help me to escape from this Fernando.

Ter. Enter the inn and disguise yourself in my cloak.

Luc. Farewell, my dear old friend. (*She enters the inn. Music. The march of the Holy Brotherhood pianissimo. Don Q., Sancho, Pedro, Maur., Licentiate, muleteers and girls enter from the church at the moment the Alcalde and the Holy Brotherhood, twelve in number, enter C.*)

FINALE.

Cho. Again they come. What brings them here?

Alcalde and Brotherhood. Toiling, moiling,

Keeping the public peace, etc.

Maur. Tell us, Sancho, why this clatter.

Cho. Tell us, Sancho, what's the matter.

San. Ay, that he will.

Oh, my master is an errant

Knight who rescues the distressed;

And he thinks 'tis his apparent

Task to fight for the oppressed.

Cho. Oh, his master is an errant, etc.

San. I assured him he was foolish

To release that bandit grim;

But the Don is *always* mulish;

Now they'll put the chains on him.

Cho. Yes, the knight was very foolish;
Now they'll put the chains on him.
Alcalde and Brotherhood. Toiling, moiling, etc.
Don Q. Wizards and villains, avaunt,
 And your ribaldry cease;
 I, in despite of your taunt,
 Will all captives release!
Cho. He will captives release!
Don Q. As a knight I can do no less
 Than to comfort and aid distress.
 I will strike off chains and relieve all pains;
 'Tis the business I profess.
Cho. As a knight he can do no less, etc.
 You must arrest him. ||
Don and San. They don't dare to. ||
(Lucinda enters from the inn. She wears a cloak, and is veiled. Car. and Dor. enter.)

ENSEMBLE.

<i>Don Q., Sancho, Pedro, Maur.,</i>	<i>Alcalde and Brotherhood.</i>
<i>Teresa, Chorus.</i>	Toiling, moiling, keeping the public
As a knight he can do no less, etc.	peace, etc.
<i>Luc.</i>	<i>Dor. (To Fernando.)</i>
An outcast I must wander on;	At last, my truant love, we meet;
Cardenio is lost to me.	At last your well-loved face I see.
All hope of love forever gone,	If you your tender vows repeat,
I care not what my fate may be.	I care not what my fate may be.
<i>Car. (Alluding to Dor. and Fer.)</i>	<i>Fernando.</i>
These two may happily now meet,	My bonny bride has used deceit,
But my own love is lost to me!	And at the altar fled from me;
Yet, if her life is fair and sweet,	But I will find out her retreat
I care not what my fate may be.	Wherever she may chance to be.
<i>Chorus.</i> Arrest him? Never!	<i>Brotherhood.</i> That we will.
<i>(The Alcalde lays his hand on Don Q., who is infuriated, Chorus sides with the Don, who attacks the Alcalde. The chorus attacks the Brotherhood.)</i>	<i>Don Q. and Sancho.</i>
<i>Chorus.</i>	
Cutting, slashing, crushing, crashing!	As I, knight, { I } can do no less,
See the sparks around us flashing.	{ he } etc.
Steel is gleaming, danger teeming,	<i>Luc.</i>
Gore, we think, will soon be streaming.	An outcast, I must wander on, etc.
How the swords together rattle!	<i>Dor. (To Fer.)</i>
'Tis an interesting battle.	At last, my truant love, we meet,
Our excitement won't diminish	etc.

Till we see a fatal finish.

Thrust and parry, do not tarry;

Vain, indeed, is your endeavor.

This is awful and unlawful;

Such a conflict we saw never.

(*The Don is arrested. Sancho is also seized.*)

Car. (Alluding to Dor. and Fer.)

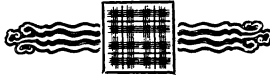
These twain may happily now
meet, etc.

Fer.

My bonny bride has used deceit,
etc.

(*Lucinda runs off up the slope at back. Car. falls despairingly upon the rustic seat in the arbor at R. Dor. kneels to Fer., who repulses her. A wooden cage is brought on at C upon a wagon. The Don is thrust into the cage. Sancho's donkey is brought on at back. Sancho's arms are tied behind him. and he is mounted on the donkey with his face turned the wrong way. The Don and Sancho are about to be removed by the Alcalde and the Brotherhood when the curtain falls.*)

END OF ACT I.



ACT II.

SCENE.—*The vineyard of Camacho, the rich miller. At R. is a house overgrown by vines. In the background is seen the vineyard, and, in further perspective, are several old windmills. At L. 2d E. is seen a part of an old windmill, whose arms extend upon the stage. The house at R. is decorated in honor of the marriage of Camacho and Mauritornes. The time is early morning. Dorothea, in the dress of a shepherd, enters C., accompanied by a party of students.*

AUBADE. *Dorothea and Students.*

Wake, young bride, 'tis thy marriage day;

Sunlight waiteth to greet

One so fair, one so gay;

'Tis thy day of all days most sweet.

Wake, young bride. 'Tis the matin hours

In the glad summer-tide

That of buds make the brightest flowers.

Come, then, 'tis late, fair bride.

Cease thy dreaming, though all thy dreams

Be of the one most dear;

Ope thine eyes to the day's bright beams,

Soon will thy love be near.

List, we pray, fair maid,

To our serenade.

Wake, young bride, etc.

Don Q. (wearing a nightcap, appears in an upper window of house R. Pedro enters.)

Don. Q. Ye unmannerly churls! Is it not enough to caterwaul all night that ye must needs be upon us at break of day? But I thank ye for thus honoring knight errantry.

Dor. You are in error; this song is for the bride.

Don Q. For the bride, sayst thou? By the whiskers of the Cid, that is no manner of song to honor a bride withal. Why troll ye not a right merry lay?

Ped. Faith and troth! a merry lay were out of place at this wedding. Oh, faithless Mauritornes! (*Despairingly.*)

Dor. Besides, we know no merry lays.

Don Q. Then, gadzookers! I'll teach ye one. (*He disappears from the window.*)

Dor. (*To Pedro.*) So the rich Camacho is to marry your sweetheart?

Ped. Ay! a murrain seize him. But I will wreak a gruesome vengeance—
I am to give him his wedding shave, and I will make his face look
like a crazy-quilt. (*Don Q. enters from the house R. He wears his
armor and a nightcap.*) Now shall we hear the fashion of musical
compliment paid by knight errantry.

Don Q. (*Taking a mandolin from a student.*) Ay, thou saucy clown, that
shall ye. Open thy knavish ears and hearken to grace notes and bass
notes.

SONG. *Don Quixote and Chorus.*

Singing a serenade is no light task, I vow;
It is a knack that many lack;
But I know how.
First get a lovely damsel to list to your plaint,
Then strike a graceful attitude, artistic and quaint.
Always be sure to choose a night when there's a full moon,
Then have at hand your mandolin and get it in tune.

Plink — plunk — plink — plunk!

(*In extravagant style.*) Come, my love, o'er the moon-lit lea,
And walk with me o'er the dark blue sea.
Come, my love, 'neath axle-tree,
Let us rove happy and free.

All. (*Imitating him.*) Come, my love, o'er the lea,
Where'er that may be.

Oh, list!

(*Tuning instruments.*) Plink — plunk — plink — plunk.

Don Q. Then, if she is a damozel, soft hearted, true,
She will not throw missiles below as some jades do;
But such an opportunity straightway will seize
Of cultivating tenderness 'mid seas, leas, and trees,
'Tis thus is played a serenade,

All. 'Tis thus is played a serenade.

Tra-la-la! Tra-la-la-la!

(*After the song, all exit excepting Don Q. Teresa and Sancho Panza enter.
Sancho is decorated with garlands, and Teresa leads him by a floral chain.
Sancho carries a large book.*)

Don Q. Mistress Panza, thou art upon the wrong road with that husband
of thine. Soothly, this is a wedding, not a fat-stock fair.

Ter. I know that right well, Don Rattle-brains.

San. They say there will be pretty pickings at this wedding breakfast.

Don Q. (*Who has been examining the arms of the windmill at L., which
revolve and strike him.*) Be that as it may, Squire Glutton, it concerns
thee not, for I perceive yonder divers malignant giants, and we must
off to give them battle.



San. Speaking of giants, when do I get that island?

Don Q. The voice of Dulcinea del Toboso calls me to slaughter yon perfidious giants. (*Addressing the windmill at L.*) Thou treacherous monster, defend thyself. (*Attacks it.*)

Ter. Stop, Señor Addlepate!

San. Odds life! That's no giant! (*They hold Don Q. He struggles with them and rushes at the windmill at L. The arms revolve and hit him. He falls and they revive him.*)

Don Q. I'fackins! yon giant hit below the belt. (*Pedro enters with barber's basin; puts it on a table and mixes lather in it.*)

Ter. Have done with giants! Do you know whose wedding it is?

Ped. I know too well. It is my sweetheart, Mauritornes, who is to wed the rich Camarcho.

Don Q. Young man, let me give you a piece of advice. (*Shows the book which Sancho has carried.*) When the renowned knight, Amadis de Gaul, was in your plight he stabbed himself in the presence of his sweetheart, and just before the breath left his body he was married to her. Why not try that?

Ped. What good would that do—if I stabbed myself?

Don Q. Hum! That escaped me.

San. Why not *pretend* the stabbing, and, after marrying, tell the truth?

Ped. Egad! That will I.

Don Q. (*Seeing Pedro's basin on the table.*) Beshrew me! But there is the enchanted golden helmet of Mambrino!

Ped. Shave or hair cut? That's my basin.

Don Q. Basin me no basins! Out of my path, thou conjuror! Thinkest thou I know not Mambrino's golden helmet? Aroint thee!

San. But it's the barber's—

Don Q. Barber me no barbers! Thou peerless Dulcinea, assist thy vassal in this unheard-of adventure! (*He attacks Pedro, chases him off. Returns triumphant, seizes the basin, puts it on his head, the lather falls over his face.*) Oddsniggers! This is some foul magician's work. (*Sancho and Teresa dry his face.*)

Ter. That was good advice you gave to yonder knave.

Don Q. Troth, if she deceived him, he may rightly deceive her.

San. As the proverb says, "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

Ter. Ay, but what is sauce for the gander is not always sauce for the goose.

TRIO. *Don Q., Sancho and Teresa.*

I.

Ter. Oh, a man may flirt to his heart's content
And a man may make sheep's eyes;

And his admiration may find a vent
 In a host of heavy sighs.
 Yes; a married man may smile and smile
 And coquette without restraint.
 A married man may be full of guile,
 But a married woman mayn't.

Don Q. 'Tis a fact intact.

San. You are quite exact.

All. To deny it is no use,
 Oh, it may be sauce for the gander bird;
 But it is not sauce for the goose.

II.

San. Oh, a man may look on the flowing bowl,
 'Till its flowing bowls him out.
 In the morning homeward he may roll;
 Yet his poor wife must not pout.
 But if his wife just a drop should touch,
 To the courts he'd make complaint.
 Oh a married man may indulge too much;
 But a married woman mayn't.

Don Q. 'Tis a fact intact.

San. You are quite exact.

All. To deny it is no use,
 Oh, it may be sauce for the gander bird,
 But it is not sauce for the goose.

(*Dance.*)

(*Don Q., San. and Ter. dance off. Lucinda enters. She is dressed as a gipsy. The first eight bars of the Bolero which follows are sung off the stage. She enters singing.*)

BOLERO. *Lucinda.*

Lonely I wander night and day, singing my lay ever and aye, ohé!
 Ever I wander singing my song, ohé! ohé!
 Gipsy-like I go a-singing,
 Hope of happy fortune bringing,
 Far into the future peering,
 Ev'ry fate I read;
 Yes, its deepest mysteries all clearing—
 Ev'ry thought and deed.
 Ah! yes, a gipsy it must be my fate to rove,
 Far from the world that is deceiving;
 In careless freedom with no hope or thought of love,
 Through the woods and fields with the sky so blue above,
 Let no friend's face come near to waken memories dear,

Let me no fond voice hear, let my past disappear.
 I will with castanets and tambourine
 Roam happy and free in the woodland green,
 A gipsy it must be my fate to rove—etc.
 With castanets and tambourine—etc.
 Ah! a gipsy life is the life for me,
 'Tis fancy free.

(*Camacho, Mauritornes and wedding guests enter. Gines de Passamonte still dressed as a muleteer enters, sauntering on nonchalantly.*)

Maur. Come, mistress gipsy; I'm to be married. Shall I be happy?

Luc. Let me see your bridegroom.

Cam. (*Tottering forward.*) Here I am, Zingara.

Luc. (*Referring to Camacho's age and feebleness, to Maur.*) You will be happy—before very long. Now, tell me; can I employ a muleteer? I am anxious to make all speed to Seville.

Gines. (*Coming forward.*) I will take you, señorita.

Luc. I wish to travel unobserved.

Gines. You will not be seen. (*Aside.*) Perhaps never again.

(*They exit. Fernando enters. Servants bring on a wedding breakfast on a long table, at back.*)

Fer. Friends, I am seeking a wife whom I married last evening, and who fled from me at the altar. Has a strange lady passed this way?

Cam. No, señor; but we have a very pretty bride ourselves. Will you postpone your search and join in our wedding breakfast?

Maur. Sir Cavalier, will you stay and drink my health?

Fer. (*Aside.*) By Jupiter! she is pretty. I believe she is prettier than Lucinda. (*To Maur.*) Drink your health? With all my heart.

Cam. To the health of the bride! (*Servants fill goblets.*)

Fer. May her husband be her true knight, so long as he happens to live.

(*Offers his goblet to Maur., who kisses its brim.*)

SONG. *Fernando and Chorus.*

Ev'ry true knight must have a star,
 Leading him on to the glory of war;
 And naught is like a sweetheart's charm,
 Firing the heart and inspiring the arm.
 'Tis her face that's ever before him
 When there is danger near,
 And he hears her voice through the trumpets
 Resounding ever so clear—
 Tantara.
 With lace in rest and plumed crest
 He dashes into the fray.
 Tantara—etc.
 He thinks of her; his pulses stir,

He lists to her voice alway.

Tantara—etc.

'Tis his valor that wins the day.

(All repeat the refrain.)

And when a victor homeward bound,

Then in his praise many voices will sound.

There is one voice that ever stirs

His gallant heart, and that one must be hers.

Though laurel wreaths and flowers

To deck his brow they bring,

Still he values most her greeting,

Though all his praises sing.

Tantarara.

With lance in rest and plumed crest—etc.

(All repeat refrain.)

Fer. But tell me; what diversion has the gallant bridegroom provided for the enjoyment of his guests?

Cam. Adad! There will be no lack of diversion. The noble knight Don Quixote will make sport enough for us.

Maur. Let me hear no more of that knavish knight. His squire Sancho has demoralized all our scullions and menials, who vow to become knights and squires.

Cam. We shall play a rare prank upon the Don. All we need is a man with a beard who will consent to wear the dress of a woman. *(Pedro enters.)*

Ped. Why not give me a chance?

Fer. How will he answer?

Cam. He will do.

Fer. Good; you are engaged.

(Pedro exits. Don & Sancho exit)

(Refrain of Fernando's Song. All exit excepting Pedro. Sancho and six servants enter from house. All are fantastically dressed in motley imitation of knight errants' costumes. They carry kitchen utensils which they use as musical instruments in the following song.)

Sancho and Servants.

I.

We're cavaliers knightly,

Though scullions and henchmen we're called;

Our armor shines brightly,

By knighthood our fancy's enthralled.

Our weapons are clanging

And love-songs we're twanging,

To the maids we adore.

Their beauty is a miracle,

So sing their praises lyrical.

To each Dulcinea,
 From whom we would capture a smile,
 Toorolay, toorolay, toorolay loo,
 We sing in Quixotical style.
 To each Dulcinea,
 From whom we would capture a smile,
 Toorolay, toorolay, toorolay loo,
 We sing in Quixotical style.

II.

Like errants Quixotic,
 Our armor you see, we have on.
 If we're idiotic,
 The cause is our model—the Don.
 Our hearts' panacea
 Is our Dulcinea—
 In her praise let us sing.
 Don't think this imbecility,
 Knighthood is true nobility.
 To each Dulcinea—etc.

*Pedro records
as woman*

~~After the song Pedro sits together with four of the six servants. Fernando, Camarcho, Teresa, Mauritorres, and wedding guests enter, then Don Q.)~~

Fer. Most chivalrous knight! (*Sancho approaches; Don Q. thrusts him aside.*)

Don Q. Sir cavalier, what would'st thou?

Fer. Know, oh cream and scum of knight errantry, that here is a deed worthy of your tremendous valor. (*Pedro and the four servants enter in long white robes and heavy white veils.*) Behold here our cousin, the Countess Trifaldi, and her handmaidens. They have been bewitched by the arch-wizard, Pantiflando.

Don Q. (*Excited.*) My personal enemy! (*Pedro and servants kneel.*)

Fer. He has caused beards to grow upon the dimpled chins of the Countess and her damsels. Behold! (*Pedro and the four servants throw back their veils and disclose their bearded faces.*)

Don Q. Marry come up with a wanion!

Pedro. Alack-a-day! we must wear these unsightly beards until the enchanter, Pantiflando, is vanquished by Don Quixote, the invincible knightissimo.

Don Q. Oh, Dulcinea, assist thy slaveissimo to remove these whiskers-issimo.

San. Where does the squireissimo come in?

Ped. But—woe! oh, woe! the enchanter's lair may be reached only by riding through space on the wooden horse, Clavileno.

Four Servants. Save us, oh knightissimo!

Don Q. That I will. Bring forth the wooden horse, Clavileno. Sancho shall go with me.

San. Well, if it's all the same to you—

Don Q. Silence, Sancho. No wooden horse, no island.

Fer. Ah! he consents! Bring in the wooden horse, Clavileno.

(Two grooms bring in a wooden horse at back of stage.)

CONCERTED PIECE.

Fer. As soon they'll soar to unknown height,
With their kerchiefs veil their sight.

(The Don and Sancho are blindfolded.)

All. Lead the victors to their steed;
Gallant and brave, in sooth, are they.
They are to do a noble deed,
A fierce enchanter giant they'll slay.
Soon they will soar above ev'ry spire.
Hail! noble knight, and most gallant squire.

San. With fear I almost lose my breath,

Don. Q. You mortify me 'most to death.

Come, I am ready,

San. I feel unsteady.

Let's away!

All. See how swiftly upward they glide!
Up to the clouds they will straightway fly,
Gallantly, boldly do they ride,
Dizzy the heights that they must defy.
Breezes will blow them higher and high'r.
Hail! gallant knight, and most noble squire.

San. We must have traveled hugeous far.

Don Q. I wonder how far up we are.

San. 'Tis passing chilly up so high.

Don Q. I feel a draft. A storm is nigh.

San. This handkerchief I will remove.

Don Q. Don't do it; it will fatal prove,
For, if you glance around a while,
You're sure to fall at least a mile.

All. See, ever higher upward they fly.
Soon they will reach the enchanter's lair;
But from a fall from a horse so high,
It were as well that they should beware.
For, if they fall from this steed occult,
Fatal will surely be the result.
Have a care! Have a care! Beware!

(The Don and Sancho mount the wooden horse, Sancho riding behind. As they are blindfolded, they are assisted to mount. The four servants and Pedro exit, remove their robes and enter in their own costumes.)

(Four girls and Mauritornes enter in white robes and cowls similar to those worn by the bearded servants.)

(Pedro, Fernando, and Camarcho place an explosive under the horse. Explosion. The Don

Don Q. Why, how is this? for we have come
Unto the place we started from.

San. We sailed for miles.

Fer. I know it well.

But here's sufficient proof to tell
The giant your great prowess feared.
Behold, each damsel minus beard!

*(Indicating Mauri-
tornes and the four girls
who kneel in the place
of the five bearded ma-
trons. Don Q. and San-
cho are astonished.)*

All. Bravely they rode above peak and spire.
Hail! noble knight, and most gallant squire.

(All congratulate the Don and Sancho. The five damsels profess gratitude to the Don as their deliverer. All exit. The chorus carrying Sancho on their shoulders with great enthusiasm. The wedding music announcing the marriage of Camarcho and Mauritornes is heard. The wedding procession enters. Then Don Quixote, Sancho, Tereza, Fernando, the Licentiate, Mauritornes, and Camarcho enter.)

Chorus. Chant a lively air to the happy pair,
Wreaths of roses bring—'tis the proper thing.
Though he's antiquated, they'll be happy mated.

Hail the bride so meek.

Hail the groom antique.

Hail with main and might

Ev'rything in sight.

Bridesmaids. As the bridesmaids we a song must bring
For the dainty darling bride
We officiate with pride.

Though she's looking rather pale—poor thing

It is natural she should

As most any damsel would.

Chant her praises gay in blithe roundelay.

All. (Dancing.) Let a jolly dance our happiness enhance,
Fal la la la.

Dance with all your zest and dance your very best.

Fal la la la.

So gracefully bounding,

We dance with our might and main in honor of the
lovely bride, ohé,

To music resounding.

We dance with might and main in honor of the bride.

Let a jolly dance, etc.

(Lucinda enters, veiled and in a long cloak. She is followed by Cardenio. Fer. puts on his mask.)

Don Q. How now, hasty churl! Why dost intrude upon these nuptials?

Car. This lady would have been robbed and murdered by the villainous
Passamonte had I not luckily been near her.

Don Q. Methought Passamonte had gone to throw himself at Dulcinea's feet.

Car. Strangely enough, she resembles a lady whom I seek. I fain would hear her voice.

Fer. (*Aside.*) It is Lucinda; I am certain. (*To Car.*) Well, sir; the lady thanks you, and that is sufficient.

Don Q. Maledictions! It seemeth there is no cause that this sweet youth should not hear the lofty princess' voice. Speak to him, Madam Princess, I beseech thee! (*Luc. makes an effort to speak.*)

Car. Ah! you see she fears to speak.

San. (*Who has been talking with Fer.*) This gentleman affirms he is Madame Princess' husband.

Don Q. (*To Luc.*) Marry! is it so? (*Luc. bows her head.*)

Car. And are you not Donna Lucinda? (*A pause, Luc. shakes her head.*) Let me hear your voice.

Luc. (*In a low tone.*) I am not.

Fer. (*To Car.*) Come! Our patience is at an end. Go your way, sirrah, and let us depart.

Car. (*Steadfastly regarding Lucinda.*) It is not she?

Fer. (*To Luc.*) Come, Señora!

Don Q. Hold! By the sacred beard of the Cid, I see in this princess the immortal compeer of Venus, Dulcinea del Toboso. Yes; it is Dulcinea. (*He rushes to Luc. and removes her veil.*)

Car. Lucinda!

Fer. Impudent rascal! I call on the friends of justice to aid me.

Don Q. And I will face ye all in the name of my sovereign lady, Dulcinea del Toboso. (*All join Fernando at L. excepting Don Q., who joins Cardenio at R. A knock is heard at the gate C.*)

Maur. Who can that be?

Alcalde. (*Without.*) Open, in the name of the King.

All. The Alcalde! (*Mar. opens the gate C., Alcalde and guards enter.*)

Don Q. Welcome, Señor Alcalde! There is fell enchantment at work.

Fer. Alcalde, I invoke your authority. My wife and I wish to leave here unmolested.

Alc. (*To Luc.*) Is it true that you are the wife of this gentleman?

Luc. (*Sadly.*) It is true.

Alc. (*To Car.*) By what right do you interfere?

Car. By the right of my love for her! He has obtained her hand by the blackest treachery, and conscious of his infamy he fears to show his face.

Don Q. Spoken like a true knight, I'fackins.

Alc. (*To Fer.*) In the name of the King, Señor, I command you to unmask. (*Fer. hesitates, then unmasks.*)

Car. (*In astonishment.*) Fernando!

Fer. Why not?

Car. So it is my own friend who has robbed me of my bride? Ah! what perfidy! (*He draws his sword and rushes at Fer., but is restrained.*)

Don Q. Don't kill him! Save him for me!

Alc. (*To Fer.*) Do you say that this woman is your lawful wife?

Fer. I have said it, and I repeat it.

Alc. (*To a guard.*) Bring in the young woman whom we encountered upon the road. (*The guard exits, returning immediately with Dorothea still in shepherd's dress.*)

Fer. (*Aside, alarmed.*) Dorothea! (*Dorothea does not see him.*)

Alc. Advance, Señora. You have told me why you wear this dress. Repeat your story.

Dor. Let me be silent.

Alc. Speak without fear.

Dor. I can only say that Don Fernando is my husband.

Fer. (*Coming forward.*) I?

Don Q. Oh, thou caitiff!

Alc. Be careful what you say, Señor Don Fernando has married another.

Dor. Married another? Who says that?

Fer. (*Coming forward.*) I—I—say so. (*Turning to Luc.*) This lady is the only one who has a right to my name.

Dor. Alcalde, this man has given me his hand in marriage. I have proofs.

Fer. Proofs?

Alc. If that be so, Don Fernando will go to the galleys for life.

Dor. To the galleys! For me?

Alc. If what you say is true, he is as good as dead.

Dor. Dead!

Alc. (*To guards.*) Guard that man! And now, Señora, your proofs.

Dor. (*Aside.*) If I speak it will be his ruin.

Alc. Come, produce your proof.

Dor. (*Looking at Fer.*) The proof! (*Hesitating.*) I—I have not it. (*Firmly.*) I have lost it!

FINALE.

Car. She, his wife? Then my friend betrayed me!
 He has thus for my trust repaid me;
 By his arts, now we two are parted,
 I am lonely and broken hearted.
 She is lost, lost to me forever!
 We must part, be united never!
 She is lost to me, the bride of my heart,
 And we whose love was strong, alas! must part.
 And by a friend, I thought my own,
 She is torn from my side. I am helpless and lone.
 I would gladly forget my love if 'twere for her sake,
 That a faithful heart should break.

ENSEMBLE.

Car., Luc., Dor. and Fer.

She is lost to $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{him} \\ \text{me} \end{array} \right\}$ the bride of $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{his} \\ \text{my} \end{array} \right\}$ heart, etc.

(At the close of Cardenio's solo, Pedro diverts the attention of all by thrusting a dagger into his side. He falls, supported by the Alcalde. Cam. is offended. Maur. is anxious. Chorus gather around him. Don Q., Sancho, and Teresa are delighted with the success of the expedient.)

Ped. My life is ebbing fast away,
Wed me to her without delay,
The knot pray tie before I die,
And when I am dead, they two may wed,
'Tis but a form, of course
And death will soon divorce.

Don Q., Sancho., Maur., Ter. and Chorus.

His life is ebbing fast away—etc.

(Maur. and Pedro are married by the Licentiate. As soon as the ring is placed on Mauritornes' finger. Pedro springs up, draws out the dagger. General astonishment.)

ENSEMBLE.

Pedro and Fernando.

'Tis a trick $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{he has} \\ \text{I have} \end{array} \right\}$ been trying
To avoid $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{his} \\ \text{my} \end{array} \right\}$ life-long sighing
For her love there was no vieing
'Gainst his gold, which I know is
untold.

Don Q., Sancho and Chorus.

'Tis a trick! Ha! ha! ha! Etc.

Other Characters and Chorus.

For her love there was no vieing
'Gainst his gold, which we know is
untold.

Don Q., Pedro, and Men.

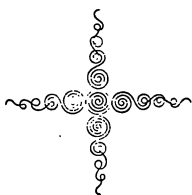
The barber's bride,
What e'er betide,
Will dwell serenely by his side.

All.

And we wish that joy
Quite without alloy,
May their remaining years employ.
The knot is tied
And she's his bride.
Oh, may their days
Be glad always.
They will, if true love never strays.
May they love always.

(*Pedro embraces Maur. Camacho is consoled by the Alcalde and the Licentiate. Fer. leads Lucinda aside. Cardenio expresses despair at losing Lucinda. Dorothea is ministered to by Teresa. The Don and Sancho are delighted with the success of the ruse. Tableau. Curtain.*)

END OF ACT II.



ACT III.

SCENE.—*The court-yard of Fernando's castle. Sancho is discovered asleep. Roderigo and Miguel, two heralds, enter.*

Miguel. What ho! We seek the most noble governor, Don Sancho Panza!

San. (*Waking.*) Excuse me; but did you say Governor Don Sancho Panza?

Roderigo. Ay; he has been appointed governor of the island of Barataria.

San. (*Astounded.*) Well, as the proverb says, a sleeping dog catches no flies. I went to sleep on Dapple here, and I wake up a gov— (*Notices that his donkey is gone.*) Oh; woe! woe! Dapple, donkey of my soul, where art thou?

Rod. Do not grieve, my lord—

San. (*Aside, pleased.*) My lord!

Mig. When you are governor you can have dozens of such beasts.

San. But is this governor matter a certainty?

Rod. 'Tis certain, your worship.

San. (*Aside.*) Oh; your worship!

Mig. You are to be installed at once.

(*Music. Knights Errant enter. Sancho is escorted to a chair of state.*)

All. Hail to the governor!

(*Don Quixote rushes in R., followed by Pedro.*)

Don Q. Ah; good gossip, Sancho! (*Is about to embrace Sancho, who repulses him.*) Odds bodikins! Sancho, one would think thou wert an emperor instead of a common governor.

San. I'fackins! a governor am I; but I have had no breakfast, and I am woundy hungered. I have a strong mind to barter my rank for a dish of salted beans.

Don Q. Without there! Henchmen; a quartern of malmsey for my lord governor! (*A servant enters R., with a covered dish.*)

San. Will the valiant Don take pot luck with us?

Don Q. Nay, nay. Duke Fernando has appointed me thy medical adviser, and I must see that thou dost eat nothing that disagrees with thy gubernatorial stomach.

San. This is the most joyous hour of my life. (*Uncovers dish.*) By me troth! 'tis a veal pasty. (*Is about to help himself when Don Q. touches*

DUET. *Dorothea and Fernando.*

Up and down, in the highway crowded,
Wanders a poor little lad alone—
Cupid, his blue eyes dimmed and clouded
Sobbing his woes in a doleful tone.

"Lost in the city, lost am I,
What can I do but sob and sigh?
No one to listen, no one to see,
Where is a friend for a boy like me?"

Ding dong, dong,
Love is sold for a song
In this work-a-day world—heigho!

Passers by in the busy city
Heed not the prayer in the child's sweet eyes,
Gold is their glory, and more's the pity;
Naught do they hear of his sobs and sighs.

"Love is lost," cries the crier with his bell.
"Where is the lad? Is there none can tell?"
Where gold doth glisten, all fair to see,
Cupid, there is ne'er a place for thee.

Ding dong, dong,
Love is sold for a song
In this work-a-day world—heigho! (*Exit.*)

(*Don Q. and Sancho enter. The Don has a large covered dish.*)

Don Q. At last, master governor, we have a dish that will not harm thee.

San. (*Delighted.*) By me troth!

Don Q. Perhaps no one will care to buy your trough. (*Sancho is about to lift the cover off the dish, when shouts are heard without. Camarcho enters.*)

Cam. Most gallant knight, there is about to be performed for my lord governor a most rare pastime. Master Peter will exhibit his puppets and his divining ape!

(*Music. The chorus enters, escorting Gines, who is disguised as Master Peter, a mountebank, who leads by a cord, Pedro, as an ape. Servants carry on a puppet show. Dorothea, Fernando, Miguel and Roderigo enter. The ape examines the Don curiously.*)

Don Q. (*To the ape.*) Out on thee, thou wizard! (*The ape runs to Gines and whispers to him, pointing at the Don.*)

Gines. What! Is it possible? (*The ape nods.*) My ape tells me that my happy eyes behold the renowned champion, Don Quixote de la Mancha.

Don Q. (*Aside, chuckling.*) He knows me. (*To Gines.*) Soothly Master Peter, thine ape hath a vast head. But on with the show, good Master Peter.

Gines. Be it known to all here present that this is the amusing tragedy of "The Man with an Hundred Heads." The beauteous Princess Melisandra is in the dungeons of a Moorish enchanter when the play opens. The Moor is to behead, and afterward torture the beauteous Melisandra, unless some champion will fight for her. (*The curtain goes up and the puppet of a woman comes on the small stage.*) This is the Princess Melisandra!

Don. Q. By the rood! 'tis Dulcinea del Toboso!

Gines. (*As a puppet army comes upon the stage.*) This is the Moorish army. (*A puppet herald enters. The musician sounds his clarionet.*) This is the herald who wants to know if anyone will fight for Melisandra. (*Speaks for the puppet.*)

Oyez! oyez! unless some valiant knight
Will espouse Melisandra's quarrel,
She will roll down a very high hill
Shut up in a spiked barrel.
I ask once, twice, thrice,
That all men here may hear;
But since no one will answer me,
Why, nobody will appear.

Don Q. (*In great excitement.*) What do I hear? Is there none who will fight for a distressed matron? Avaunt, ye treacherous Moors! I doom ye all to destruction, I — Don Quixote de la Mancha. (*He brandishes his lance, and, amid great excitement, charges upon the puppet show, thrusts his lance through it and overturns it.*)

Pedro removes the disguise from face and head and approaches Don Q. who is amazed.)

Don Q. What fiend's enchantment is here?

Ped. No enchantment, Sir Knight. Thus disguised I bring warning to the Governor. The islanders are in revolt. A revolution is impending. There is a general cry of "hang the governor!"

San. (*Dismayed.*) Hang me?

Don Q. We must defend ourselves. Arm, arm my loyal friends, I will lead ye!

All. To arms!

(*All exit except Don Q., San., Maur., Ter., Dor., Fer., Ped. and Cam. An immense shield and sword is brought to San.*)

MARCH.

When war is near we do not fear,
We love to hear the drums' rat-a-plan;
The bugle's blare, bids us prepare,
The traitor foeman comes, rat-a-plan.
Beyond a doubt,
The foe we'll rout;

Inspiring is the call.
 War has its charms,
 Come, then, to arms;
 We'll fight until we fall.

We will rattle on the drums,
 Rata-plan—plan—plan,
 And will toot! toot! toot!
 On the war-like flute;
 Let the bugle sound, tan-a-ra-ra-ra.
 Forward! nothing can dismay;
 Battles gory, lead to glory,
 Gaily let us march away.
 We will live in song and story.
 Forward all, etc.

(All exit. Cardenio enters.)

SOLO. *Cardenio.*

* * * * *

(He retires up stage. Lucinda enters.)

DUET.

Luc.

What a saddened heart is mine!
 Ah! well may I repine.
 I cannot hope that he
 Ever will pardon me;

And yet I never thought to do him wrong,
 My heart to him ever doth belong.

Car.

Oh! Lucinda mine. *(Coming Forward.)*

Luc.

You here! Oh! leave me, dear, I pray.

Car.

Your faith I doubted never.

Luc.

Oh! pardon me.

Car.

Loving while I live,
 All I can forgive.

Luc.

I was deceived; I loved you ever.

Car.

Yes, I love you still.

Yes, she loves me still;

All to me pray tell.

Luc.

Bid me farewell.

Car.

Has your heart been true?

Luc.

My love I vow has e'er belonged to you,

Oh joy! that you forgive.

Both.

Faithful whate'er befall,

Fond hearts must be;

True love can give to all,

Pardon most free.

(After the duet, Mauritorres rushes in dragging Sancho. Camacho totters in after them.)

Maur. Justice, my lord governor. Justice!

San. How much justice would you like?

Maur. An't please the governor, my parents insisted on my marrying this old rack o' bones *(indicating Camacho)*; but now I am the wife of Pedro; yet this old man persecutes me with attentions.

San. This is a complicated case, methinks.

(Teresa enters; goes to Sancho.)

Ter. Aha! here is the governor. I have a suit for you.

San. I am glad of it. I'm not suited here.

Ter. *(Recognizes him.)* What! Sancho?

San. Teresa! *(They embrace.)*

Ter. But where is the governor?

San. Teresa, your Sancho is the governor, and he doesn't like it. There is a revolution on the island, and the populace are seeking to rend me limb from limb.

Ter. Justice, Governor Sancho, for this poor deceived girl! *(Indicating Lucinda.)*

San. The justice trade is brisk to-day.

Car. Yes, she was my betrothed, and I believe she was Fernando's dupe.

(Fernando and Dorothea enter.)

Dor. Justice, my lord!

San. Troth! we shall be all out of justice if this demand keeps up.

Dor. My lord, I claim this man as my spouse!

San. *(To Fernando.)* Duke, you should not have made me a governor; but a divorce and breach of promise broker. I must time to consider. I don't like to decide against the duke who gave me my island.

Ter. Don't you dare to decide against us.

San. We decide that all the men are in the wrong.

Ter. Ah! this is indeed my good gaffer Sancho.

(Don Q. enters.)

Don Q. Hands off, woman! That is the governor.

San. It is all right. This is only Teresa.

Fer. Have we no rights merely because we are men? I appeal to Don Quixote.

Don Q. This is a subject meet for knightly tilt, and I will take the field for these oppressed men.

Fer. And who is your champion? *(To Dorothea.)*

San. Odds bobs! if this is the way the governor's decisions are vetoed, I will act as knight errant to these dames and damsels. What ho! a suit of armor for one!

(A suit of armor is brought and put on Sancho. He is given a lance and a huge shield.)

Fer. Who appears for the men's cause?

Don Q. I, Don Quixote, knight of the rueful countenance.

Fer. Who appears for the ladies, and their cause?

San. I—the knight of the looking-glasses. (*To Don Q.*) Methinks yon Knight has been bribed by Don Fernando's gold.

Don Q. Gold in thy teeth, villain! Have at thee! (*They Fight. All watch the fight with interest and encourage the champions. Don Q. is overcome and falls.*)

All the women: Victory!

Don Q. I yield. Oh, the disgrace of being worsted by one's own squire. Oh, that *he* should have done this worsted work. I see naught for you to do, duke, but to acknowledge your marriage to the lovely Dorothea, who adores you.

Fer. If she will forgive me.

Ter. Now, come home to your own inn, Sancho, and give over this folly of errantry.

San. Ay, that will I, right gladly.

Don Q. Aroint, thee, then, thou treacherous squire! Desert me, all of ye, and let me wander alone in search of adventures and Dulcinea del Toboso; for that am I resolved to do, and so—fare-ye-well.

FINALE.

CURTAIN.

END OF THE OPERA.

SONG. *Gines de Passamonte.* (See Act II.)

I.

When the dark night lowers,
And the peasant cowers
By his hearth from the wintry blast;
If he chance to hear
I am lurking near,
He will shudder and start aghast.
Then I through his casement peer,
Ho, ho!
To laugh at his trembling fear,
Ho, ho!

(Sound of chains in orchestra.)

Oh! the life of a galley slave
 Is not a continual round of leisure and pleasure
 In prodigal measure
 As I to my cost have found.
 My chains went clink,
 And my fetters went clank,
 As they rattled and rang on me.
 No bolt, no chain
 Shall bind me again,
 For the galley slave now is free.

II.

I have had to dwell
 In a dreadful cell,
 With my leg chained to a post,
 Where the bill of fare
 I was made to share
 With a gaunt, grey rat—mine host.
 I have toiled at the oars all day,
 Yo, ho!
 With the lash for my only pay,
 Ho, ho!
 Oh! the life of a galley slave, etc.









ML 50 .D32 D6
Don Quixote

C.1

Stanford University Libraries



3 6105 038 277 666

